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Original Poetry.

ALL FOR LAWN.

I have a dear little wife,
Who is all for lawn,
For lawn;
Nor satins nor silks will she wear,
And velvet she says she can't bear,
But it's all to see one so fair,
All for lawn,
For lawn.
"If I'm pretty, love," says she,
"Why, then, adorn
Why adorn
Ah! if others could know
Oh! beauty the secret, like you,
How soon, my dear, would they too,
Be for lawn!"
"Let the ugly wear satins and silks,
Night and morn,
For they'll then have something to show,
But as for myself, I know
Just what I'm about when I go
All for lawn,
For lawn."
And my charming little wife,
Yesterday,
Tapped me gently on the chin,
And asked if I thought her green,
That she from the first has been,
All for lawn,
For lawn.
I answered her with a kiss,
But I'll be sworn,
Heaven!
(For it leaked through her glistening eyes)
That it's because my means offend
For naught else, that she gaily cries,
I'm for lawn,
For lawn.

NOBODY'S SONG.

I'm thinking just now of Nobody,
And all that Nobody's done,
For I've a passion for Nobody,
That Nobody else would own;
I hear the name of Nobody,
For Nobody I adore;
And I sing the praise of Nobody,
As Nobody, mine has sung.
In life's young morning Nobody
To me was tender and dear;
And my cradle was rocked by Nobody,
And Nobody was ever near;
I was petted and praised by Nobody,
And Nobody brought me up;
And when I was hungry, Nobody
Gave me to dine or to sup.
I went to school to Nobody,
And Nobody taught me to read;
I played in the street with Nobody,
And Nobody ever gave heed;
I recounted my tale to Nobody,
For Nobody was willing to hear;
And my heart I clung to Nobody,
And Nobody shed a tear.
And when I grew older, Nobody
Gave me a helping hand;
And by the good aid of Nobody
I began my living to earn;
And hence I courted Nobody,
And Nobody was my friend;
And when I was hungry, Nobody
Gave me to dine or to sup.
Thus I thrived along with Nobody,
And Nobody cheers my life,
And I have a love for Nobody,
That Nobody has for his wife.
So here's a health to Nobody,
For Nobody's handsome given,
And I've a passion for Nobody,
That Nobody else would own.

Whiskers being at the Opera one evening with a lady, he leaned toward her with the extreme gravity and said, "Interpret the libretto for me, my dear, lest I dilute with the wrong emotion."
—The *Athenian*, in speaking of some delightful pictures by Mlle. Henriette Browne, a lady almost as clever as Rosa Bonheur, but in a gentler and more tender way, observes: "When we see Aurora Leigh in poetry, Mrs. Somerville in philosophy, Mrs. Chisholm and Miss Nightingale in philanthropy, those two ladies in painting, and Mrs. o o o on Monte Rosa, we really do not know what the sex is coming to. Having exhausted every form of physical beauty, are they now going to beat us in our own old intellectual kingdom?"
—The Professor, in the *Athenian* for September, pertinently asks: "Can any man look around him and see what Christian countries are now doing, and how they are governed, and what is the general condition of society, without seeing that Christianity is the flag under which the world sails, and not the rudder that steers its course?"
—"It is a curious fact," says some entomologist, "that it is only the female mosquito that torments us."
—A wise saw is a saw all the teeth of which are wisdom teeth.
—Michelet, in his *L'Amour*, mentions the following novel method of curing the disposition in married couples to become separated:
"In Zurich, in the olden time, when a quarrelsome couple applied for divorce, the magistrate never listened to them. Before deciding upon the case he locked them up three days in the same room, with one bed, one table, one plate and tumbler. Their food was passed into them by attendants, who neither saw nor spoke to them. When they came out, at the end of three days, neither of them wanted to be divorced."

THE BORE.

Written for the New York Saturday Press,
BY GETTY GAY.

Oh, he's as tedious
As a tired horse, rattling wife,
Worse than a smoky house; I had rather live
With cheese and garlic, in a windmill, far,
Than feed on cates, and have him talk to me
In any Summer-house in Christendom.
—King Henry IV., Act III., Scene I.

He is the greatest sinner who causes the most unhappiness.
The Bore causes the most unhappiness.

Boring is the greatest sin. Commit any other. Who steals my purse, steals trash; who steals my good name, much good may it do him; but he who steals my time, robs me of that which no police, law, money, nor power can restore to me, for it is lost, like the Dutchman's kettles, in the sea of oblivion, never more to resurface.

Murder is a horrid crime, but killing time is worse than murder, for we are told that the latter often opens to the victim the gates of Paradise, and introduces him to eternal beatitude, but the destruction of time is total and irremediable. If you feel revengeful, and long to wreak your malice on an enemy, do not plunder him, for he will talk of his losses till he has paid himself for them with interest, simple and compound; but stick to his disposal may afterward shield him from condemnation for actual faults, by placing all accusations against him under the same category as your calamities; do not murder him, for not only may you consequently elevate him to heaven, but yourself to the gallows. No, do nothing of the kind, but bore him, sir, bore him to death.

There is no punishment for boring to death; nothing whatever, judging from the real world with which so many perverters in it, but unexpressed satisfaction. It is said that a friend cleaveth to one closer than a brother; but a Bore sticks faster than either. The last embrace of foes is nothing in comparison to it. He can only be choked off, and death is sometimes the only power able to release one from this persecution.

The Bore enjoys a happy immunity. A liar may be challenged, perjured, kicked, exposed, prosecuted, shot; and a thief, a cheat, a ruffian, may be served in the same way; but the Bore is unassailable, invulnerable. Dulness, in the weakest and worst, is sacred, and forms an adamantine panoply. The Bore is a privileged character, and does with impunity what would hang you or me. His temerity is consequently prodigious. For hours, days, weeks, years, he plagues and tortures men able and willing to kick him into limbo, but who do not, they hardly know why—withheld, perhaps, by the awfulness of stupidity.

The art of boring is simple. Idiots may excel in it. It may be explained in a few words, for it does not consist in saying and doing things intrinsically stupid, as in saying and doing things at the wrong time and in the wrong place. A grace may be proper enough; but a long-winded one, when the guests are hungry and the meat is getting cold, is a bore. Music is delightful, but an elaborate performance on the piano, with infinite variations, is, when the polite listeners are lively people and longing to chat, another bore; and so always is an ornate operatic air, sung in Italian by a thin-strained voice, to people who do not understand a word of it.

"Muffling" is one of the most efficacious means and methods of boring. To make myself clear, say, for instance, that a sprightly young fellow or a lively girl, in the full exuberance of health and spirits, is enjoying himself or herself excessively; all the "Muff" has to do is, under some friendly, considerate, or plausible pretext, to suggest moderation, propriety, decency, or the likelihood of misrepresentation, before there is really any occasion for it, and thus bring down the jubilant one at once into the dust and ashes, as the fowler the singing-bird from the tree. It is so gratifying to some to see the face, laughing all over a moment ago, cloud up like a murky sky, and change all its sunshine for grim propriety and sour self-denial. Then the mentor, whoever he may be, feels so vastly moral and righteous! He turns up the whites of his eyes and involuntarily asks God to thank and reward him for the good he has done. The vain fool! It is true that in the midst of life we are in death, and he therefore concludes that we ought always to have a head thrust under our noses. Yes, verily.—Amen!

What boring advantages some people enjoy! Think—only think of, and gloat over them, for a few seconds! Of fathers, for instance, disappointed in business during the day, who, finding a pack of rollicking youngsters at home, can vent their accumulated acerbity, and relieve themselves so holily by checking the players' sports, and reading them their homilies as long as your leg—no, that's not the simile, your arm, I mean. Would you not like to commit sins six days in the week, and on Sunday revel in the special prerogative of railing from the pulpit at the very crimes of which you are guilty, and at sinners no worse than yourself? By lashing others you might atone for yourself, and, if so, why should you not lay on unmercifully? Dwell on the thought of being allowed to bore hundreds at your own ease, and of being paid for it, and praised in proportion to the unsparring completeness of your inflictions! Surely, dulness is holy, and her prophetic like-wise, or how could these things be? Tender mothers, aunts, and elder sisters, are generally lenient at heart, but I know too many who would deem it a dereliction of their duty if they omitted to check every ebullition of juvenile gladness on the part of the children in their charge, and thus emit the sweetness of their fresh lives with the dregs of sad experience or gloomy conventionality. Thousands have by these means been driven prematurely from the asylum of home into the world and its worst excesses, and have there perished, because the young soul has an appetite for light and joy which will be, must be, even though it be with the glimmer of the Jack-o'-lantern, the glittering tin and poisonous trash that betray and ruin it. Let it take its full of healthy sunlight and gladness, and fear not, for it is society, not nature, that makes man a captive, a coward, and a wretch. O fathers, mothers, aunts, uncles, sisters, ministers, teachers, and mortals dressed in brief authority, were our Heavenly Father like you, what a sunless, flowerless, joyless, glum, half-frozen world this would be!

But I had almost forgotten the Bore in the Muff. They are mostly identical, but not necessarily so. Men of science and learning are often great bores. At an hilarious party, when delicious nonsense is flying from one to another, like a sparkling cup full of bubbling nectar: when wit is darted playfully, lamely, like shooting stars, from brain to brain; your scientific wise-acre, with his whys and wherefores, and deep profundities: your solid-pudding and cold-dumping man comes down upon this brilliant or a butterfly, crushing all beneath with its ponderosity, and putting out the sparkle, the airiness, and a careless freedom which was the charm of the circle.

A professional man who carries his profession out of his laboratory, study, office, or proper place of exercise, is too frequently a bore. A tradesman who does the

like is ditto. Think of a discourse on theology in a quadrille; pathology at the breakfast table; law over a game of cards; or anatomy in a pleasure-boat!

Charming subjects for such occasions would they be, but I have known them to be dragged in still more out of place. I once dined with a doctor who orally analyzed the food as I ate it, resolving it all into poisons and gases, till I thought I must either explode or turn into green corruption before he had ceased his discourse.

His favorite subject had rendered his complexion a greenish yellow; but what it had done to the internal man is too dreadful even to surmise, for his breath was like a doctor's shop, and his sphere like that of the grave. Worse than he, is an aged relative of mine, who is never so happy, or when, for my soul's salvation, he is stifling me with the flames and desolating me with the screams of a region unmentionable to ears polite; and, to make the lesson the more telling, he always enforces it at the moment I have the presumption to enjoy myself. I did not mind a little talker, with whom I danced once upon a time (quintessential), who, though he talked of little but the cutting and setting of girds and pants (vile vulgar cabalistic), also informed me that it took nine men to make a good tailor, and that no one could cut a dash unless he was cut out for it by such an artist. The tailor was perhaps only the ninth part of a bore; but most tradesmen, whose souls, like the tanner's hide, are impregnated with their business, are full grown bores, and much to be dreaded. If the shoemaker ought to stick to his last, let him do so by all means, the closer the better, but if he will come into society, let it not be his sole topic of conversation.

There is the partial Bore and the unmitigated Bore; the heavy Bore and the flippant one, with

"A brain of feathers and a heart of lead."

But of the entire genus, the species called the crotchety bore, is the most remarkable and various. They are such as ride hobbies to death, and are seldom satisfied unless they can ride them over you. A relation of mine is afflicted with the water-cure, and, though he has killed off several of his children and reduced himself and wife to skeletons by this panacea, he cannot carry on a conversation of any length without plunging into cold water and drenching his interlocutors thoroughly with it. I believe he would revive the deluge every year, if he had his way. That is his crotchety; what is yours, dear reader? It is fast horses, politics, spiritualism, alchemy, anti-slavery, dress, respectability, the French-horn, dogs, singing, fighting, the fire-engine, furniture-auctions, flitting, eating, drinking, sporting, sentiment, poetry, chess, yachting, entomology, or some peculiar religious dogma? What is it? Well, no matter what, so that you do not insist that others ought to think, act, and feel with respect to it just as you do. If you do thus insist, you are a Bore, albeit otherwise an angel, but if you do, with your heart, allow others the privilege you covet or assume yourself, then give me your hand; you are a jolly good fellow, and deserve my benediction.

A genius in every department of art and industry is sure to arise, master it, and carry it to the utmost degree of perfection. What Paganini was among fiddlers, Shakespeare among dramatists, Columbus among discoverers, Napoleon among generals, or Washington among patriots, was and is Daniel D— among Bores. Dan is king among them, and much as other individuals may excel in any particular branch of boring, he surpasses them all in all.

"Laborious, heavy, busy, bold, and blind,"

there is no subject upon which, no place in which, no persons with whom, he is not an intolerable and incomparable bore. He is wonderfully compounded, being a perfect mixture of conceit and contradiction, impudence and stupidity, pedantry and ignorance, servility and dogmatism, blindness and obstinacy, brutality, rigmarole, insensibility, officiousness, formality, and other similar virtues and excellences I cannot think of at this moment. Dan's proding is more depressing than the rainiest day in November, and his mind depresses than a London fog. His commonplaces (and he never utters anything else) are unreluctantly having effect, during the last thousand years, begotten more years than the longest chapter in the Bible. Dan is ever prone to talk, and has only to join in any conversation to render its subject as flat and stale as an old woman's reiterated morality. He is always ready to give needless advice, and to tell the news that everybody knows. Hackneyed quotations, and jokes with not the ghost of a laugh left in them, sentiments and truisms as familiar and undoubted as the multiplication-table, songs just as soon as they begin to weary and disgust the ear, novelties (that were) when publicity has long tainted them—such materials form the charm of his discourse, and constitute his life and delight.

Dan's art of sinking is so irresistible that he never fails to make the merry and the sad desperate. Job's comforters were jolly fellows in comparison to him, and had it been Dan's office to cheer that afflicted ancient, patience would never have been compassed as it was by the patriarch's name. Dan would have driven him wild. Three marriageable sisters had Dan, and now many a widow is to be found in the world, who had it been Dan's office to cheer that afflicted ancient, patience would never have been compassed as it was by the patriarch's name. Dan would have driven him wild. Three marriageable sisters had Dan, and now many a widow is to be found in the world, who had it been Dan's office to cheer that afflicted ancient, patience would never have been compassed as it was by the patriarch's name. Dan would have driven him wild. 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Sept. 1859.

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BROADWAY. Messrs. Chickering & Sons have kindly of-
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N. B.—A series of classical Sonatas (concerto for piano
pupils) will be given during the season. The private Con-
certs of the pupils will also be continued.

* Mr. GOLDBECK'S pupils, in time, to be enabled to include
in his system all the branches necessary to the thorough edu-
cation of students, vocal or instrumental, and so eventually
to constitute a complete "Conservatory" of Music in this city.

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The N. Y. Saturday Press.

HENRY CLAPP, Jr., Editor

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 17, 1859.

THE DIVINE AND THE HUMAN.

The Recorder has fallen under the solemn displeasure
of the *Congregationalist*.
The *Congregationalist* and the Recorder are newspapers,
and are published in the same town.

Notion. The occasion of the *Congregationalist's* solemn dis-
pleasure is an article in the Recorder pronouncing THE
SATURDAY PRESS to be one of the best journals in the
world.

The *Congregationalist* don't see it.
Nobody perhaps but the Oldest Man does.

Moreover the editor of THE *Congregationalist* is a Divine,
and the editor of THE SATURDAY PRESS is only a Human.

Hence there can be no unity between us, and, for
that matter, no controversy.

Nothing appals us like one of these Divines.
The mortal who has assumed that awful name has
placed himself above the reach of our finite grasp.

We should as soon think of quarrelling with the
Man in the Moon.

We leave the Divine of the *Congregationalist*, there-
fore, in the hands of his brother Divines of the Recorder.
And doubtless they will have a divine time of it.

Meantime THE SATURDAY PRESS will continue to be
published under purely human auspices, its motto-
word being, "Humanity first and everything else afterward."

As near as we can make out, the Divine of the *Congregationalist*
is down on us because we believe that the Sabbath was made for Man, and not Man for the Sab-
bath.

We had thought that this doctrine was Divine as
well as Human.

It seems that we were mistaken.
It is only Human.

Hence the Divine of the *Congregationalist* is down
upon it. It is down on everything Human, without
so far as we can see, being particularly up on anything
Divine.

But on this latter point we may be wrong.
In fact, considering that it is a Divine we are differ-
ing with, we may be wrong altogether.

So we will let the matter drop here, and content our-
selves with watching the august and reverend combats
at a safe distance.

When Priest meets Priest, then comes the tug of
war.

A LETTER FROM "THE MOUNTAIN."

Indian Name-poem—Jacques Cartier—Real Poet of
American History—The Voyagers and Life in the
Wild—Description of the Forest—A Piece of Spanish
History—Wanted, a Poet—President of the Real Men—
Sketches of Geography—Eyes and Nerves—Thomas's
Sonnet—Growth of the Sonnet of Nature in Modern
Poetry—Wordsworth, Carlyle, and Walt Whitman—
Star-Jewelry—Spirituality of Nature.

HOMER IN MONTREAL.

Sunday, September 13th, 1859.

Goethe has well said that Nature is of inexhaustible
richness. I had a fresh perception of it this morning
as I brushed with early steps the dew away and met
the sun upon the top of Hochelaga's Mount. Ho-
chelaga—one of those names, in themselves poems,
with which the Red Man gifted the hills and lakes
and rivers of this Western world, but which is known
in our proper nomenclature as Montreal.

To the top of this very knoll, Jacques Cartier, just
three hundred and twenty-four years ago (1535), as-
cended, and saw the superlative landscape that here
unrolls itself—a radial sweep of thirty miles; South-
ward, the river of the St. Lawrence, with its tidal
rush of two miles; Northward, the vista expanding
to the Ottawa, black with vegetable deposits from the
valley North and West eight hundred miles. But

It was not the garden-land of to-day: it was virgin
forest—the maples, hemlocks and larches dyed with
Autumnal alchemy, whose spell in a few days bathes
the foliage of the Canadian hard-woods with optical
opulences of crimson and yellow and opal and purple
and ineffable glories. A knot of wondering savages
stood by the stranger, little dreaming of Tubular
Bridges and Grand Trunk Railways!

The real poetry of early American History has never
been written. The real poetry of American History is
the meeting of Man and the Wild—the Wild old as
Geology: Man confronting it with his creative energy.

In the early annals of *Nova Francia* (a name, common
to all this upper side of the continent)—especially in
the three volumes of the *Relation de Jéhu*, the *Illad*
and *Idyls* of Canadian History—constant mention is
made of the escape of Norman settlers to Indian life.

Indeed, during the seventeenth century, this was the
chief difficulty France found, and strictest legislation
became necessary to keep the colony from utter disor-
der, such were the fascinations of life in the woods.

They would away and become *coursiers de bois*—wood-
rangers and trappers! What a curious confusion: that
French character—civilized with the drill of a
thousand years, fenced all round with statutes and
ceremonies, Church and State—drifting off to the
wildest savagery.

[Literally "savagery," for I have it
from the author of "Rambles Among Words," that
his companion de voyage these Summer months, that
"savage," old English, is, primitively just one
who lives in the *glens* or woods.] Did the old-reported
apellid the woods creep over them? Did the primal
sanctities persuade them to come and live with
them? No wonder that, enchanted by the fascina-
tions of the forest, the old modes and memories fell
off them, home was forgotten, and they walked on-
wards, bondmen to the incredible beauty and majesty,
mild, willing thralls of Nature!

These are the original trappers and voyageurs, whose
rule yet romantic life Cooper and Irving have essayed
to transfer to their page. Yet I fear they have given
us no adequate representation of this unique type of
man. Irving is altogether too refined and cultured to
be the poet of these savage and luxurious natures.
Deeper into the heart of their life go certain snatches
of lyricism of wild and wondrous beauty—antique ro-
manzas with which the early voyageurs gladdened
wild and water. A life full, indeed, of unending poe-
ties. The sentiment of the solemn, silent pine woods—ac-
cending the stream in slow battalions, deconal with
the deep-lumber life, Spring in the woods, the echo
of the axe, the led of hemlock boughs—the half-trail
down the Ottawa in dark canoe with peltries from the
far West; here indeed are hints whence some inform-
ing Homeric imagination might weave Odyssean lyrics.

As it is, I find the truest insight into this wild-world
life in the "Leaves of Grass." True, it is only in
glances, but with that prodigious power of realization
that characterizes Walt Whitman, who translates his
swift affluencies with whatever is elemental in humanity
into word-pictures of more than Carlylean tenderness
and terror.

How little, too, we know of the Red Man—the
friendly and frowning savage! In those naive narra-
tives of the early missionaries of which I before spoke, he ap-
pears in his normal lineaments—native to the soil,
perfect in his place and adaptations. The lithe, elastic
savage, pliant and polished his limbs, his breath sweet
as infant's breath, wonderful in the beauty of his
proud and mournful face—the true child of mother
earth, living from her life! But this was before civiliza-
tion had creased him, and sad forebodings crossed his
brain that his time had come. What strikes me as
most characteristic in the elder race, is their close af-
finity to Nature—as though the umbilical cord had
not yet been cut. Not through us now circulate the
rhythmic currents of the planet's magnetic life. We
live on other planes—the new providential dispensa-
tion of Science taking us out of the telluric into
celestial spheres. And so we know not these elder
men. Who shall tell of the heart of the lion
and hungry Numidian, who pursues the lion
under a vertical sun? What mystic voices hears
the Tibbo in his swallow-nest, the sunny Kanaka
in his canoe, the homeless Troglodyte? They are
closer to the heart of Nature than savor or civiliza-
tion. Picking noticed that the Chinooks of the
Northwest seemed to live on a good understanding
with the birds and beasts, as if forming part and
parcel of the surrounding animal creation. We figure
savages as a poor, comfortless set; but no doubt there
are compensations enough. I guess I should like pretty
well to be Troglodyte or Kanaka.

So I flung out my fancies from my seat on the
Mount. And a memorable Original is the Mount itself
—one of those trappist Titans that have forced them-
selves up from lowest underlying lower depths—in fact,
the skeleton of an old Silurian volcano, with its multi-
tudinous trap-dykes of various ages and composition.
Twenty miles off, rising the Eastern horizon, are
bel G2 and a few other isolated mounds, of like geo-
logic genesis. A rich field for geologist and paleontolo-
gist, this St. Lawrence valley—rich especially in *Silurus*,
which stratified crevices these many years' labors of
the Geological Survey have not begun to exhaust.

How absolute, after all, is that Goethean maxim, that
one sees in Nature precisely what he brings to it! Every
scientific method is a new avenue and approach to the
world. The Geologist is related to the planet by rela-
tions that remove his experiences wholly out of the
plane of the ordinary observer's. In the background
of his thought stretch the flowing periods of paleon-
tology—

"The dark backward and abysm of Time"—
where lie, trilobite, reptile, mammal, man, follow
as canons in the imperial epic of creative energy. So,
to your sky-confronting Kepler the universe of stars is
a mystic scale to which he applies his ear, and hears
the play of harmonic ratios, laws, and rhymes, beyond
the dream of Pythagorean prefigurings. And in the
line of the illustration of the same thought was that
lofty audacity of Paracelsus—which I can never read
without a quickening of the pulse—that "they who
would understand the course of the heavens above
must first of all understand the heaven in man!"

I looked, some days ago, into Thomson's "Seasons,"
and was painfully conscious of the gulf that separates
his artificial adorn from Nature's reality. There is
something gleamly in his bright soliloquies and
"Hall," sound-and-sense. How different from those airy
sentences which Shakespeare lets fall from the highest
heaven of his invention—

"Prophetic soul
Of the wide world dreaming on things to come!"

But in this regard Thomson only shared the spirit
of his age, for there does not seem to have been
a single Englishman during the eighteenth century
that had any poetic relations with Nature. And per-
haps the feature that most eminently characterizes our
modern poetry is precisely the real sentiment of Na-
ture that animates it. First came the mild-eyed
Brahmils, Wordsworth, with his philosophic insight—
a real "vision and faculty divine," though cold at
times. Then burst forth the fiery phantasy of Carlyle,
with a new apocalypse of Nature. What a rich opul-
ence of sensations run through the *Sartor*—what ten-
der longings, what passionate appealings to the ele-
ments, what identification of the universe and man. To
Carlyle every atom is perforated with divinity—the
universe the living, ever-weaving, visible garment of
deity. In the "Leaves of Grass," too, there is a Ti-
tanic spotting with Nature, a wild, passionate yearning
of Love and Desire.

"I hear you whispering there, O stars of heaven,
O Rains, O grass of graves, O perpetual transitory and pro-
mises."

If you do not say anything, how can I say anything?
The last sound of day holds back for me.

It flings my likeness after the rest, and true as any, on the
shadowed walls.

But it is very easy to outrun sympathy on this topic,
and our modern conversation and literature are full of
the one of Nature. Of course, this does not discredit
the reality, no more than shadow discredit the sub-
stance. And ever as we escape from our cities into the
open horizon and heaven, what is best in us is in-
stinctively stirred to loving communion with her visi-
ble forms. The spectacle of the star-strewn night-
fields is like nothing under it, and age after age these
shining fables have been made the recipients of the
unutterable longings of the race. What tenderest
metaphysics are flung up to them! On the other hand,
who can estimate how much man's thoughts have been
colored by these golden kindred? The stars are the
prophecy of immortality and the revelation of the
spiritual world.

Is it not wonderful that our most modern science
tends to precisely the same consummation as the oldest
intuitions and faiths of humanity—to the assertion of
the spirituality of Nature? The roddy and aural
myths that gild the mass of man's mind, speak the
same language as the last results of scientific analysis.
Modern chemistry has shown us that nothing is fixed—
force is of that pure and tender type, a primal unitary Law.
Unity of substance, unity of plan, run through the
universe. Through nature, spirit, forms, the eternal
conspiracy works and weaves. All is bound up in the
divine scheme. The divine scheme encloses all.

Jean Jacques, my father and master, wrote *Lebens de
la Montagne*: "So I send you 'A Letter from the Moun-
tain.' His were very heretical: mine, I hope, you'll
find sufficiently harmless. With which benevolent
wish I am yours, au revoir."

MADAME BISHOP AT PALACE GARDEN.

The name of Anna Bishop seems to me like a far-
off strain of music. Perhaps it is that she was the
first artist, my childhood's eyes and ears greeted in this
planetary sphere. She seemed to me, then, an em-
bodiment of the Arabian Nights, like some
Eastern fairy who had charmed all the myriad sing-
ing birds of the forest into pouring forth their whole
choral melody through her bright lips, leaving wood
and grove desolate, sorrowful, silent. So she seems to
me now,—seems an enchantress: it was wisely kind to
remove the canaries hitherto suspended throughout
the hall; had they listened to her flute-song, they had
hung their little heads in despair, and been mute for-
ever after.

Madame Bishop's success, apart from its being a
gratification to her friends and admirers, was a con-
solation to those who grieve for the fickleness of all
things: it proves that the public taste is more stable
than fashion. She was the queen of ballad-singers
ten years ago; she is still their fair sovereign. Her
voice is of that pure and tender type, a primal unitary Law.
Unity of substance, unity of plan, run through the
universe. Through nature, spirit, forms, the eternal
conspiracy works and weaves. All is bound up in the
divine scheme. The divine scheme encloses all.

The innumerable audience demonstrated the sincerest
delight in her performance. I thought there was even
a loving tone in their enthusiasm; perhaps the sound
of her sweet voice awakened for them, as it did for
me, the angel-memory, to throw a halo around her
and lift her out of the puny reach of criticism.

Each time she sang she was earnestly recalled, and
gallantly compelled to repeat her songs, with that
unbroken accord of applause which the most resolute
claqueurs never succeeded in raising. Her flute-song,
in which the flute—ah! vain flute—strives to imitate
her voice, and could not, drew forth cries of rapture
from all lips. She is now a renewed fame, and as all
must see her, we may hope to keep her for some time
to come.

In strict justice to a wonderful and illustrious young
artist, I mean Arthur Napoleon, I must say that he
divided the honors of the evening with the Prima
Donna. He played *Laure's* *Minuet* with the *Prima*
Donna, in a manner to reduce the diffident to despair.
Although announced to play only twice, the triumph
of the public wish happily doubled that number. As
I watched the play of his varying face, following ever
the flight of his aerial fingers, whose tide of melody
flung the combined efforts of the orchestra away upon
the dim shores of insignificance, I could not wonder
that he had been the stronghold of public attraction
in this temple of art, having for its pure roof the
richest canopy of the air. He is young, graceful,
ardent, with a certain spirituality of manner which
belongs only to those whom the gods have created
poets in the highest Olympian sense of that word.
Moreover he has a face whose intellectual features and
luculent eyes blend well with the pure bay leaves with
which the Muses have crowned him.

Of all branches of musical art, the piano-sphere is
the most intelligent and elevated. A great pianist, is
very much in danger of being a great man. The young
artist of whom I have been speaking is one of those
rare natural marvels, a pianist of genius, whose whole
performance is colored with that sincere and spontane-
ous passion which no amount of mere facility can
imitate. All the practice in the world will not bring
the faintest tinge, but it is in the inevitable nature
of things. Thus all lovers of music, all those who
follow ardently its progress towards perfection, will
feel a close sympathy and interest for the young virtu-
oso in question.

The audience on Saturday night consisted of the
quickest admixture of nationalities, such as John
Brougham, Stephen Masset, Henry Drayton, etc., with
a perfect abash of old-fashioned, well-bred concert
lovers. There were family-parties present, who had
changed their dinner hour for fear of arriving too late
for a good seat, and were to be found composedly
arrayed on the front benches, when the gas-man came
to light the hall. There were old ladies, former ad-
mirers of Madame Bishop, who had apparently not
been to a concert since she left New York, and who
evidently were the same ardent of toilet, in which
they graced her last appearance. There were neat
maiden ladies who coughed behind the fingers of their
old gloves, too long for them of course, and kept fan-
ning themselves audibly, with wherry little fans.

Then there was the pious family, who look ominous
and black if you do not speak of the Opera, seated also
in the front ranks, and humming about among
themselves little wistful papers, from which I learned
color of mind and winter, the contents of which
created a gentle crunching and munching, whose
low monotone insisted upon uniting itself to the
efforts of the prima donna, refusing hospitably to take
so for an answer.

There is a morality even in sugar-plums. I have
known persons too virtuous to eat chocolate or pistache,
who cannot be pious without a pocket full of pepper-
mint lozenges.

Before I close, I must not omit to pay my comple-
ments of respect to that most excellent gentleman and
admirable artist, Carl Anschutz. He was engaged that
his name might add to the attraction of the evening,
if such a thing was possible. I heard Madame
Bishop say he had never known a superior leader.
The words of the Diva must not be disputed.

ANA CLAPP.

"Geraldine, or Love's Victory."

The enthusiastic reception of this new American
Tragedy, at Wallack's, for twenty-one consecutive
nights, affords another proof that when a play is in-
trinsically good, no amount of coldness or indifference
on the part of the press, and no amount of opposition
on the part of disappointed authors, can interfere in
any way with its success.

Altitude.

Jo. Cose defines the exact height of a young lady's
ambition to be two little feet.

Case of Predestination.

A distinguished clergyman in Brooklyn is said to
have been "born with a call."

SPIRITUALISM.

DEAN FARRIS.—Last Sunday morning and evening, spir-
itualistic discourse was delivered at Dedworth's Hall
by Judge Edmonds, accompanied at intervals by music.
This latter feature attracted me, knowing the exquisite
musical taste possessed by the Judge, and in the evening
I attended. Unlike at other religious meetings,
the congregation conversed unrestrainedly in whispers
till the service commenced. Its character was "country
New England," and most markedly so. Few
young men, fewer young women—all had a mature,
married look. Spiritualistic meetings, setting aside the
national, unsettled, male faces that are observed, con-
tain among their shrewd business men, a class nowhere
else seen. These are inventors, improvers on inven-
tions, and practical men who carry these inventions
into use, in advance of society at large. There are
plenty of hooped skirt and patent corset manufactur-
ers, sewing machine dealers, originators of queer
modes of commercial business that no one else ever
thought of and that are dropped after a few months'
practice, proprietors of manipulating hospitals, water-
cure establishments, vegetarian boarding-houses, ho-
moopathic pharmacies, etc., all wide awake on the
dual question, and devoting their wandering moments
to metaphysics, unvarnished science, and theoretic philan-
thropy.

A few stray every-day faces might be seen on this
occasion, but the above type largely prevailed.

Among the women were a few "medium" faces, a
few medical faces, and many indicating nothing in
particular. The dear creatures are apt to be general,
and concentrated on nothing especially. They like
men that are general. Let a man's thoughts cover
superficially a wide range of subjects, his wife thinks
him the greatest individual living, poor and practically
useless as he may be; but once let his mind become
absorbed upon a single topic, to the exclusion of others,
she loses interest in him. Application in that one
direction may bring him fortune, reputation, and her,
luxury, yet his charm is gone. Her heart sighs, its
tendrils wander forth, and often cluster round a new
fame.

Husbands with preoccupied minds, if you still retain
love for your wives, neglect not its manifestations.
They are the food and drink of her soul; they cost
little of your value time, and preserve your hearths
inviolate. Wives, be jealous only where your husband
loves another. His devotion to politics, to science, or
to art, not a whit interfere with his love for you.
Bicker for you—your exaltation—are often the fond
goal of his efforts. Overlook, then, his apparent pro-
fession, and remember, that his love, like the placid
true steel, contains the elements of endless fire. Go
all you, and see the "House and Home," at Laura
Keane's. Listen to her fine artists on their jeweled
stage, and read a lesson in letters of gold on whitest
satin.

The Judge took his seat. Courteously gentleman as he
is, he blends with these plain good people like a statue
of high art among rough hewn images; but, like him,
they are of marble, though less happy in their sculp-
ture. Want of finish is often found among reformers;
vulgarity, rarely, or never. They leave that attribute
to the so-called "higher class," who look sarcastically
down upon them, and whose often inveterate vul-
garities, are thinly veiled by a gloss of dress and con-
ventionalities.

The Judge had stationed a portion of Dedworth's
band in an adjoining room. As he sat, delicious spirit
music streamed through the air, and steeped the soul
in happy tones. There were no tunes; there were
long drawn chords. Each chord was a spirit voice.
One could dream himself disembodied, and launched
on the dim unknown. Heavenly calls of love salute
the ear; they are all varied, but they are all love.
Each call seemed kindled by a sweet smile; each was
a loving welcome. Calls of a fond mother to her err-
ing son, voice of a pure sister, unconscious of his
guile; joyous sounds of cherubs; distant, ineffable
harmonies; calls of white-robed angels yearning pity,
unaccounted calls of all embracing love.

Tearful eyes dwelt upwards, willing with memories
and sweet, with rapturous hope, or brimming
sense of an especial care. All were silent, still, and
deeply wrapt.

The Judge rose and read a short exhortation. Again
music. He then read the vision of one in a trance,
the gist and concluding words of which, were, that
"death is, in the eye of wisdom, a phenomenon to be
investigated, not a bugbear to alarm." More music.
He then again rose for the discourse of the evening.
It was upon Death. It was no sermon, no essay, no
lecture. It was a series of spirit visits he had received.
Many, strange to say, had been for months or years,
sought him in the other life, and as reason dawned,
sought him as a medium through whom their earthly
friends might know of their existence. One young
girl, in an English ballroom, with a disease of the
heart, had been stricken in a dance on a date she
stated, and had dwelt unconscious for four months. A
sailor drowned at sea, swam in spirit to the ship, was
taken on board by his dim muses, and carried—
where? He had just awoken from his stupor. During
his life he was taken to the other life, and long op-
press as with their fearful weight. Old daily habits,
and modes of thought, cling likewise with tenacity.
One man, who had been a strict Methodist, was con-
scious only on Sunday mornings, when he heard
church bells; another, who on earth, had firmly be-
lieved the dead were wakened only by the "last
trump," sat idly waiting for his sound. Spirits who
wish themselves personally known, assume their cos-
tume and expression of countenance. Otherwise they might
not be recognized. Their faces, though preserving a
lingering trace of earthly form, beam with an ideal
beauty strange to mortal sense.

The Judge spoke also of a contemporary on the
Bench, who, on reaching the spirit-land was surrounded
by the courtiers of the world, who had been condemned to
the butchery of the halter; and of Isaac T. Hopper, who
was at once embraced by the myriads he had here
succeeded.

As the discourse closed, again rose the wondrous
spells of spirit music, while with recognition glad,
and smiling words, the happy hearers parted for their
homes.

THE SUNDAY QUESTION.

Where shall we spend the day, love?

Motto for the King of Bohemia.

Rans son et sans soud.

Axiom.

Nothing causes an acuter pang in the heart of the
thoroughly truthful man, than to discover that that
which he had thought to be a Social Diamond, is but a
lump of glass.

The Sala-Boy's Dream.

It is said that young Sala expects to eclipse Dickens
as a novelist.

A Change for the Worse.

It is proposed, out of respect to His Honor the Mayor,
to change the name of Tammany Hall to Tennyson
Hall.

The U-and-I-Tarians.

We announced recently the formation of a new sect
called by the above name: we have since learned from
the Founder that its device is to be *Epiphany-you-and-
I-am*.

New Proverb.

A thorn in the bush is worth two in the hand

